



Wildwood Farm CLIPS & CLOPS Oak Harbor

October 2023

YOUR NEIGH-BORHOOD HULLABALOO

CREATED & EDITED BY HEATHER CARDER

HOME RANGE

By Chera Hammons April 2020

The night is dark and moonless, and the bright light of the battery-powered lantern hurts my eyes, so I look down at my feet on the path. Pale sand and sandstone, it winds through prickly pears, splintered mesquite trunks, and yuccas. So much of what grows here could make holes in someone, draw blood. I see the outline of my husband in front of me, silhouetted by the light. He's wearing cowboy boots, a T-shirt, and shorts — clothes he put on in a hurry. He is the one holding the lantern because I am unsteady enough to drop it. The land around me is a black mystery of wind and rock. Night has taken away any boundaries. The oil-field-pipe fence and the neighbors' parked trucks aren't visible, as if they never even existed. The slope of the trail changes, first down, then steeply up again, and I stumble.

When we get to the training pen, we stop, and my husband clicks the

lantern off; we do not want to frighten the horse any more than she already is. We can only hear the mare, not see her. She is the quick, sharp sound of hooves beating the dry ground, the rush of a large body passing in the dark. She is the swift, double-footed kick into the air, so quick and powerful it makes a sound like ripping paper. We hear her staccato steps approach where we stand. When she turns toward us, her eyes glint silver as they reflect the neighbor's porch light.

It has been five minutes since the boom and crackle of the last firework, and around seven minutes since the mare became convinced that the world was ending. She has never seen or heard a storm like this one: banshee shrieks; multicolored stars exploding overhead; detonations that cracked the calm, as sharp and sudden as a rock through a windshield. There will be more explosions soon. We can hear voices along the road, laughter from the house where the fireworks were released.

I have a handful of treats in my pocket — carrot-anise flavored, the mare's favorite — but she is too frightened to take any. Frightened animals do not risk eating and making their stomachs heavy. I feel her hot breath on my palm, a brush of rough hairs, and then she is gone again. She leaves as empty as she came to me. The smell of her sweat is salt and iron in the air. I say her name softly: "Selkie, Selkie." She is named for a mythical creature that is a seal in water but sheds its coat to become a woman on land. The selkie will be trapped on land forever if someone hides her sleek animal skin so that she can't find it. It's an appropriate name for this mare, who looks like a wet seal sometimes, her coat so dark and glossy it glints like a mirror in the sun, edged with brown at the flanks and nose. A fitting name, too, for a horse who was born free on the western range, in the wilderness, and then brought here.

When Selkie was two years old, the Bureau of Land Management eliminated her herd. The Horses

Continued on page 11

WHAT'S TRENDING NOW

FASCIA TOOL #DasSpix

Myofascial therapy is gaining traction as an important part of equine healthcare. Fascial dysfunctions lead to restricted movement and even the perception of pain can be altered through this type of treatment.

With this wooden fascia tool #DasSpix, you can treat your horse on your own independently, loosening restricted fascia and stimulating the lymphatic system.

With regular use, pain and restriction can gradually be alleviated, and your horse will show significantly more relaxation. Now this therapist's tool can be yours to use as part of your horse care regime.

Designed by Angelina Spix, a life-long horse lover and educated equine care taker, she studied intensely the holistic training concept of fascia therapy with Eckert Meyner for over a year and learned all that she could about this treatment before branching out on her own.



The fascia tool consists of a solid multiplex board made of beech. It is resilient, flexible and particularly light. Due to its special curves, it fits particularly well in the hand. The edges are carefully and precisely sanded and impregnated with natural linseed oil.

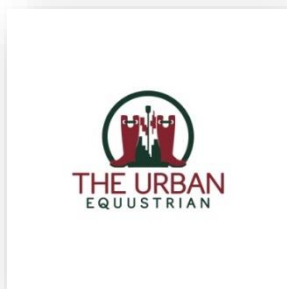
You can clean #DasSpix with a mild soap and a little water, let it dry well or, if necessary, blow dry it in a cool place. Then oil it thoroughly, for example with linseed oil, let it soak in overnight and remove the excess with a cloth.

There is a YouTube video on how to use this tool, as well as 2 books introducing you to the healing therapy of fascia release.

www.faszientherapie-spix.de

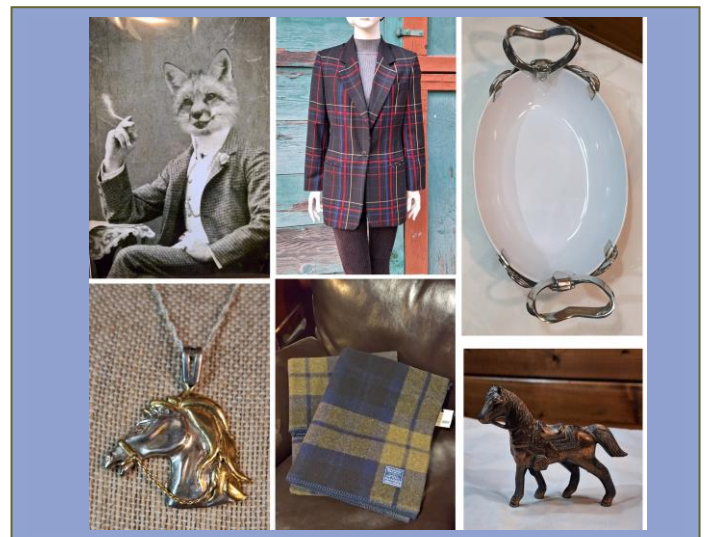


Our Store is currently open by Appointment



Shop Online!
www.thenoblehorsevintage.com

New Items for October





Why cat racing never took off.

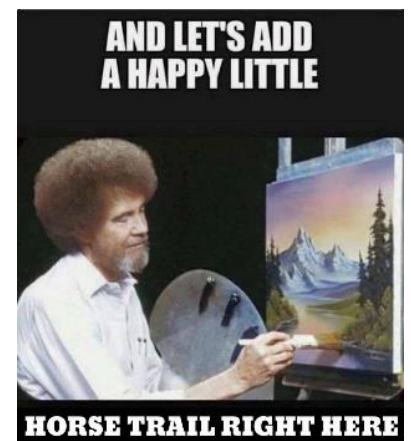


MY BIGGEST FEAR IS THAT WHEN I HAVE KIDS, I'LL BUY THEM PONIES AND THEY WON'T LIKE THEM SO I'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF THE KIDS.

@POINTERSEQUINE



MONDAY: HORSE IS LAME
 TUESDAY: HORSE IS LAME
 WEDNESDAY: VET COMES OUT
 HORSE IS NOT LAME
 THURSDAY: HORSE IS LAME



WILDWOOD FARM B&B



This is your moment.

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A Financial Manager learned

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Our ranch has a long history of igniting the spark between horses and humans, whether you want a small introduction or total immersion.

Come experience the power of possibility with these magnificent creatures and explore the abundance of silent repose.

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WILDWOOD FARM HAS IT ALL!

PACIFIC NORTHWEST
PNWA
Riding Academy



"Your horse is a mirror to your soul. Sometimes you might not like what you see. Sometimes you will."

-Buck Brannaman



"I smile when I catch God watching me through the eyes of a horse."

-Kevin Weatherby



WWW.PNWRiding.com

PACIFIC NORTHWEST
RIDING ACADEMY

ANIMAL SUNBEAMS

The Sun Magazine

Not to hurt our humble brethren [the animals] is our first duty to them, but to stop there is not enough. We have a higher mission — to be of service to them whenever they require it.

Saint Francis of Assisi

I believe that animals have feelings and other states of consciousness, but neither I nor anyone else has been able to prove it. We can't even prove that other people are conscious, much less other animals.

Joseph Ledoux

What do you see when you look at an animal? A kindred spirit, a creature much like you; but possibly, the very next moment, a beast, a stranger, *just* an animal. Animals are like those pictures that we see as one thing and then another; the duck that suddenly becomes a rabbit; the wineglass that's also an old woman in profile. Now the pig is a fellow creature, like Wilbur in *Charlotte's Web*. Now he's pork.

Jean Kazez

"Lots of people talk to animals," said Pooh. . . . "Not very many listen, though," he said. "That's the problem."

Benjamin Hoff, *The Tao of Pooh*

When I play with my cat, who knows if I am not a pastime to her more than she is to me?

Michel de Montaigne

Nutrition Corner

DANGERS OF FEEDING ON AN EMPTY STOMACH – Dr Stephen Duren

Gastric ulcers are common in horses, in part because of the modern feeding practice of restricting a horse to one or two large meals per day, which leaves his stomach empty most of the time.

“The horse’s stomach is always producing acid,” says Duren. “His GI tract is designed for continuous grazing and doesn’t have the ability to shut off acid production. The main buffer for acid in the stomach is saliva. The horse produces about twice as much saliva daily when eating hay or grass than when eating grain.”

consider including a little alfalfa in the mix, says Duren: “Some research at the universities of Tennessee and Kentucky found that alfalfa hay was more efficient in buffering against stomach ulcers than grass hay, due to the higher level of calcium in the alfalfa. The protein and calcium can both act as potential buffers for stomach acid. Now most Thoroughbred trainers feed a small amount of alfalfa and try to have it already in the stomach when horses go out in the morning to work.”

“Horsemen often ask me whether they should feed hay and grain at the same time and let the horse decide which to eat first,” says Duren. “From a digestibility and health standpoint, the hay should always be fed first.”

The horse has a small stomach and food moves through it quickly, he explains: “If you feed hay and grain at the same time, most horses will eat the grain first because they like it, following it with hay and water. This ends up pushing the grain through the stomach and small intestine too quickly to be digested thoroughly.” As a result, the sugars and starches reach the hindgut unabsorbed, where they can cause problems.

“For the morning feeding, your horses will be healthiest if you go through and feed every horse in the barn their hay, go eat your own breakfast and then come back after the horses have eaten some hay, and grain them,” he suggests.

WILDWOOD FARM AND TRIPLE CROWN FEEDS.

Our partnership with Triple Crown began in 2014 through a promotion with the USEF encouraging farm members to compare their current feeding programs with Triple Crown products. We have found the TC products to be superior over other products primarily because of the EquiMix technology and the research support of a leading edge team including independent representatives of Equine Universities, Medical clinics and top level riders and trainers

Meet MONGUITO

It was a warm spring morning on May 7, 2011 when little Guido made his appearance in the world. He was an unexpected gift as his mother suffered from chronic laminitis and was pre-Cushing’s, and we were advised she could not conceive. But, when she was taken to the thoroughbred breeding farm with a couple other of our mares, she took a liking to their handsome teaser stallion pony, a lovely Welsh/Hackney cross named Mongo Man. 345 days later we welcomed a little black pony foal into the world at Wildwood Farm.

Alexandria, his dam, was a beautiful dapple grey Welsh pony mare that we rescued from an auction house to be part of our breeding program. Only later did we learn that she had suffered some sort of accident with her rider and was sent to live on pasture, all but forgotten and abandoned. With time and patience we helped her get past her trauma, although her back was injured in a way she could not be ridden.



The morning Guido was born we were there to greet him, and we knew we had a special pony when he ran to our arms and welcomed our hugs. He was so small, about 90 lbs - but fierce! So we named him Monguito after his sire.

When Guido was growing up we could not turn him out with the other mares and babies because his mother had to wear a grazing muzzle and could not defend herself or him with other rambunctious babies and their mamas in a herd environment, so this definitely had an impact on him. He was quite sure he was king of the pasture, and when the time came to start his training we went through a couple of trainers before we found the right one, too smart for most and too fiery for many. Guido was sold as a driving pony in 2016 to a fabulous owner who was looking for a pony just like him – a perfect match.

CAN YOU PASS A REAL HORSE-LOVER'S QUIZ?

1. **WHICH OF THESE IS A BREED OF HORSE?**
 - a. Appaloosa
 - b. Thoroughbred
 - c. Quarter Horse
 - d. All of the above

2. **WHAT IS THE NAME OF THE HAIR BETWEEN THE HORSE'S EARS COVERING THEIR FOREHEAD?**
 - a. Forelock
 - b. Tail
 - c. Coat
 - d. Reins

3. **WHICH OF THESE ARE HORSE'S TACK?**
 - a. Saddle
 - b. Bridle
 - c. Girth
 - d. All of the above

4. **ARE HORSES COLOR BLIND?**
 - a. Yes
 - b. No

5. **FOR WHAT PURPOSE IS A CINCH OR GIRTH USED?**
 - a. It makes the horse move their head left or right
 - b. It's part of the bridle, the chinstrap
 - c. Use it to lead a horse. You attach it to the halter
 - d. A strap that holds a saddle on a horse

6. **WHAT ARE HORSE'S HOOVES MADE OF?**
 - a. Bone
 - b. Keratin
 - c. Muscle
 - d. Metal

7. **HOW LONG CAN HORSES LIVE?**
 - a. 10-15 years
 - b. 15-20 years
 - c. 20-25 years
 - d. 25-30 years

8. **WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WESTERN RIDING AND ENGLISH RIDING?**
 - a. The Western saddle is larger and heavier than the English saddle
 - b. In Western riding the rider relies on shifting his weight and minimal neck-reining
 - c. In English riding the rider relies on the reins most of all to direct the horse
 - d. All of the above

9. **WHAT IS THE HORSE'S FAVORITE FLAVOR?**
 - a. Salty
 - b. Sour
 - c. Sweet
 - d. Bitter

(ANSWERS: d,a,d,b,b,d,d,a)

MOST FABULOUS HORSE HALLOWEEN COSTUMES!



Hollowcombe Bottom

Devon, England

The site of a mysterious pony massacre is rich with extraterrestrial conspiracy theories.



WHEN ALAN HICKS AND HIS family decided to take a stroll through Dartmoor National Park in April of 1977, they never could have anticipated the mysterious and tragic scene they would find.

As they made their way through Hollowcombe Bottom, a part of the park just outside Postbridge, they approached a herd of about 15 Dartmoor ponies that appeared to be sleeping. Except upon closer examination, the family soon realized they weren't intruding on a massive pony slumber party. Every equine was dead.

Dartmoor Ponies are commonly found in the park—after all, they're native to the area and even inspired the park's logo. It's even possible to stumble upon an occasional dead pony. However, it's unusual to find an entire deceased herd.

No one knows for sure what happened to the animals. They were found with broken limbs and bloodied flesh. It's said their bodies decomposed at an unnaturally fast rate. Theories range from parasites to lightning strikes to flash floods to satanic rituals.

Some people even blame aliens, saying the most plausible explanation is that a low-flying UFO swooped in and created a vortex that doomed the ponies. Extraterrestrial enthusiasts are convinced otherworldly beings are behind the curious deaths, though their motives remain unclear.

Know Before You Go

Take waterproof clothing, map, compass, gps

The Anglo-Norman



The Anglo-Norman originated in Lower Normandy of France in the early 19th century. To create this powerful warmblood horse, several local breeds were crossed with Thoroughbreds and European trotting horses

In a matter of decades, the Anglo-Norman became one of the most popular horse breeds in France. Several types of the original Anglo-Norman Horse emerged, two of which became the modern French Trotter and Norman Cob breeds. The Anglo-Norman was also favored by the French military as artillery and cavalry horses.

Unfortunately, their extensive use in the two World Wars decimated the breed's numbers. As countless industries became increasingly mechanized, the Anglo-Norman fell out of favor alongside other carriage and draft horse breeds.

In 1950, a studbook was launched for the Anglo-Norman that focused on breeding horses for equestrian competition. In 1958, a decision was made to merge the Anglo-Norman with other French breeds to create the Selle Français, a successful show jumping breed. Despite active government support for Selle Français breeding programs, variations remained, and Anglo-Norman bloodlines continued to be distinguishable for decades after the merge. In the 1990s and 2000s, a movement began to reopen the Anglo-Norman stud book and recreate it as a separate breed from the Selle Français. The plan had been presented to the French Stud Book Commission and Ministry of Agriculture, and created controversy within the French breeding community. In 2015, the Anglo-Norman Stud Book was officially open again.

By 1966, the Anglo-Norman breed had been further standardized and was described as averaging 15.1 to 16.3 [hands](#) (61 to 67 inches, 155 to 170 cm) high, although sometimes taller. The facial profile was convex, the neck long, and the shoulders and hindquarters powerful. The breed had a tendency to have a too-upright shoulder angle and comes in all the solid colors, with chestnut being the most common.

Cont'd from page 1

were emptied from the range to make more room for cattle-grazing or fracking, or maybe both. The future is barren of wild mustangs like her. They have been scattered for good. Her herd — descendants of ponies the Utes acquired from Spanish explorers — was first documented in the late 1700s by Franciscan monks. Now it is gone forever. They were run over miles of rough terrain by helicopters, funneled into chutes lined with burlap, then trapped in fences too high for them to jump. The mare saw two of her herdmates die when she was captured. One, an exhausted gray stallion, fell and broke his neck in the trailer; the other, a chestnut foal, only weeks old, was chased until its leg fractured, and it had to be euthanized. That was the first this mare knew of our kind. Of our kindness.

I have looked up the landscape on which this wild horse was born. It's sparse. White rock. Scrub. Stony hollows. Petroglyphs of horses on boulders. Not much different from here, really. But she was herself there; she belonged to no one. Her frontier was like the ocean, and this is the land, where she must shed her wild skin, become one of us to survive. I am taking her wildness from her because she is precious to me, worth far more than the twenty-five dollars I paid to adopt her. The truth is, she had already lost her freedom by the time I found her. She had two failed adoptions before ours. A horse like her is at risk of going to long-term holding or even, if it loses its federally protected status, to slaughter. I can't give her back the life that was taken from her, but I can give her these seven acres I call my own. I can teach her how to cope with this life, maybe even be content with it.

The sound of her hooves continues. We sit on the concrete bench my husband carried out here in a wheelbarrow one hot spring day to place beside her pen. Though the sun set hours ago, the bench is still warm. He sets the dark lantern at our feet. Between the deafening blasts and the acrid odor of burning gunpowder, the night swells with singing toads and crickets. Rabbits forage in the brush at our backs. Coyotes hunt the rabbits farther out. We dimly see the dark mare illuminated in bursts of green and red. And, after the fireworks have stopped, we know when she leaps because the stars, for a split second, vanish in the shape of a horse. She does not know me well enough yet to believe me when I tell her she will live.

My husband and I sit with the mare for an hour after the final volley of fireworks, until she stops cantering and merely paces relentlessly. We sit with her another hour, until she comes to the fence and stands beside us, breathing hard. Now she will take the treat from my hand, and as I speak gently to her and stroke the white government brand on her neck, she lowers her head and sighs.

We leave her. Holding hands in the darkness, we walk toward the house. When we have gone about thirty feet, the mare realizes our absence, and we hear her hooves crescendo again. We stop to look back, straining to see her through the night's blackness, reluctant to return to her because we are so tired. I try to feel her presence and tell her it's OK. She bucks once into the air, a leaping animal briefly visible in the neighbor's porch light. Then everything is quiet and still, and we hear the mare eating hay, and we know her fear is gone.

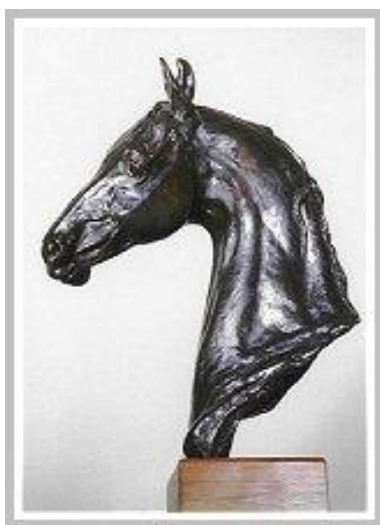
WILDWOOD FARM Clips & Clops Newsletter

2326 Happy Valley Rd
Oak Harbor WA 98277

BRONZE HORSE SCULPTURES BY PATRICIA CRANE



Elegant yet anatomically precise, Patricia Crane's museum quality bronze horse sculpture unforgettably captures, in molten metal, the strength, the "aliveness", and very spirit of horses.



Over the years working as a sculptor, Patricia Crane has devised a personal system of measurement which has proven invaluable in realizing her personal vision. Integrity of form and structure to carry and express the heart and spirit of horses deep within themselves is the very core of the visual language of this well-known and collected sculptor. Patricia Crane has long enjoyed world wide appreciation, as a sculptor for her much beloved work, which may be found in museums, and in both public and private collections throughout the world including the United States, South Africa, Haiti, Australia, Germany, France, Japan, South Africa, England, Canada and New Zealand. Patricia is now officially retired and lives in Muncie, Indiana.